

A Lecture for all Sects and Schismatics to read.

As Anabaptists, Brownists, Adamites
Presbyters Pendants and vile Heriticks,
With the fifth Monarchy, and dissembling Quakers,
All these against our King have been partakers,
But those that at our gracious King do frown,
Let Dun the hang-man mark them for his own:
Those that endeavour to invent new plots,
I wish new Halters fall unto their lots.
To the Tune of hey, ho, my hony.



What ayles the Anabaptists,
so much to be perplext,
The Quakers they are troubled too,
with many severall sects,
The Brownists and the Adamites,
with fift Monarchies too,
In this their mad and frantick fits,
like Protestants o'zeithow:
With hey ho base Quakers,
your wicked deeds all rue;
You must to Church, or Tiburn,
with Anabaptists too.

Your private meetings you must leabe,
by Charles our Kings command,
His Proclamation goes so strong,
you cannot it withstand;
You must leabe off conventicles,
and to the Church repaire,
There to hear able Ministers
Preach, and read Divine prayer.
With hey ho base Quakers, &c.

Your false delusions are found out,
and known by good Wiltines,
You have spread wicked heresies,
in rebel Cromwel's times:
He gave you all base liberties,
to maintain his base cause,
But now return lest Squeeze Dunn,
do catch you in his clawes.
With hey ho base Quakers,
your wicked deeds all rue;
You must to Church, or Tiburn,
with Anabaptists too.

The Coblers and the Winkers
must now forbear to Preach,
Taplers, Horners and Lanners,
must no false doctrine teach;
A Shoemaker a Dipper was,
and left off stitching Leather,
He duct pew soles to purge their sins,
like silly fots together:
You Quakers, and you Dippers,
your wicked deeds all rue;
With speed return and go to Church,
and leabe that factious crew.

The Psalmes of Holy David,
these Quakers do despise,
Because they have been blindly led,
they cannot open their eyes:
The Prayer which our Saviour dear,
taught his Disciples pure,
These Quakers without wit or fear,
they cannot it endure:
With hey ho base Quakers, &c.

The Creed and the Commandments,
theres many do deride,
Likewise the holy Letany,
some Fooles cannot abide,
Because it Prayes so faithfull,
for Charles our Royal King,
For Bishops and for Ministers,
and Gods true worshipping:
Those that will not pray for the King,
in heart, in deed, and word,
I wish that Dun the Hangman,
may choke them with a cord.

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Quakers cannot endure,
a Harp is for to see,
For for to hear the Organs,
with that sweet melodie;
But Holy David in his Psalmes,
being Gods true pen man,
Wise praise the Lord with harpe & lute,
with timbrel and organ?
And let mee tell those Quakers,
that in by houses lurch,
That these holy ornaments
ordained, were for the Church,

These rebels were so covetous,
The Devil was sure their nurse,
They thought to pull all Churches
and put into their purses: (down,
Witness our leaden Steeple,
the Quire and Cloisters too,
They sold the lead timber and stone,
and mazed they thought to do;
To sell all Bells and Churches,
it was some of their hopes:
But ere that come, I trust theres some,
will be hanged in the ropes.

Some will not take an oath at all
to be true to the King,
Because their hearts are filld with gall
the Devil hath poure it in;
But if that Cromwell were alive,
and should but them inbite,
For him the ple swear and domineer,
against our King to fight:
But those that do invent new plots,
to rise against the King;
I wish new ropes fall to their lots,
on Tiburn for to swing.

They will not baptize Children,
yet there is no ground therefore,
And for to marry with a ring,
they do it much abhor;
They say its superstition,
to marry with a ring,

And for to baptize Children;
it is a needless thing;
Just as they name their cattle,
they name their Children too;
Without that holy baptism,
which Ministers should do.

To meet Quakers at any time,
they will not speak a word,
They are so pure and holy,
no speech they can afford;
They say they take Gods name in vain
if that they say God speed,
Soberly be dumbe cause no bad word
shall from their lips proceed;
But they that will not say God speed,
in any lawfull thing,
I wish old Nick to fetch them quick,
on Tiburn for to swing.

And thus I have declar'd in brieffe,
the several Sects that be,
Of false conceited Hypocrites,
within this Land we see:
As Brownists and first Monarchies,
Baptists, Pendants, and Quakers,
Against the King and his true friends,
these rebels are partakers:
But if these birds all of a feather,
do rise against our King,
I wish that they may all together,
swing in a hempen string.

And now in the conclusion,
The Lord preserve our King,
With all his faithful Subjects,
which firmly stand for him,
But as for those that are his foes,
and will not converted be,
Lord scatter them like durt or chaffe,
unto eternitie.
Now all you sects and schismatics,
this Lecture read and heare,
Fear God and honour Charles our King
else Tiburn is your due.